

DIAMONDS FOR MISS SADIE COHEN.

She, Daughter of the Original Harris Cohen, Will Wed on March 7.

The Happy Man Is Louis Lipsius, Whom the Vulgar Have Nicknamed "Lippy the Dude."

As Usual, All the Cohens Will Shower Solitaires and Clusters on the Beautiful Bride.

BLONDE, PINK CHEEKS, BLUE EYES.

Harris Cohen, Fifty-three Years Old, Has Already Twenty-two Grandchildren, Who Will Inherit as Many Quarts of Diamonds.

Crash the cymbals, let the glad bells ring merrily, for Miss Sadie Cohen, daughter of the only Original Harris Cohen, will marry Louis Lipsius on March 7 next. So the East Side rejoices, and its most fashionable matrons, maids and beaux are already scheming for invitations to the wedding. Compared to its splendor, the glare of Tiffany will be as the light of a tuppenny dip.

This is really a most important announcement. It interests about 400,000 people. If



a daughter of the Astorblitz engages herself to marry, 400 people loudly murmur "really." If Miss Millstaple elopes, the same 400 drawl. "Very bad form, daughter-know." But the 400,000 people who know the only Original Harris Cohen are vastly interested in Miss Sadie's marriage for her own sake and for her father's. They know Harris and Miss Sadie, and they know Louis.

"Miss Sadie Cohen." One hears that and imagines he sees the Rachel whom the only Original Jacob wooed and wed. He imagines he sees a dark-eyed daughter of the Orient such as are never seen in a Plaisance, Midway or in any other way. He imagines he sees a young woman with raven hair that covers her like a mantle; with flashing black eyes; with a figure supple as the yielding palm that bends under the desert wind.

If he could see this Miss Sadie Cohen, daughter of Harris, he would see a very pretty young woman of eighteen years. Her eyes are as blue, her hair is as yellow, as if she traced her descent to the last of the Saxons; as if her forefathers tilted, instead of having sold clothes. Her cheeks are pink, and her figure is plump and pleasing. She is well educated, and has a carriage quite as self-possessed and well bred as if the Original Harris did not now keep a lively stable. Her sole weakness, the more pardonable because it is inherited, is an extreme fondness for diamonds.

A Big Box of Diamonds.

"It was at the wedding of Miss Sadie's sister, Miss Annie Cohen, near Mrs. Rosenberg, two years ago, that the writer said to a brother of the happy bride:

"Sir, it is understood that your sister received many diamonds as wedding presents."

"Diamonds," repeated Mr. Cohen, with feeling. "Diamonds! I will give you an idea—well, I will tell you all I know. Her aunt, who lives in Texas, sent on a wedding present in a box. When the box came it was found to be a fine one. We opened it, and what do you think? It was full of diamonds—lots of them."

Every one heard of the wedding of one of Harris Cohen's children—diamonds to the bride. If she ever sold her duplicate wedding presents, diamonds would be cheaper than gas. Her jewel case looks like a Harris's treasure room. Besides, every one who goes to the wedding wears diamonds. People think when they approach the bride as they do when the electric lights shine in their faces. The bride blinks when they come near as she would a cinder from an "H" road engine blow in her eye. Diamonds. Nothing but diamonds. Some of them are first class, but not all, but that increases their value and does not dim their brilliancy.

So it is readily understood that Miss Sadie inherits her diamonds. She and her affianced met in society, for Mr. Lipsius is the Worthington Whitehouse or the Dick Peters of the East Side. He is a well built man of medium height, twenty-three years old. He has a small black mustache and is extremely nice as to his dress. The vulgar of Division street and Baxter street and East Broadway have nicknamed him "Lippy the Dude," or Mr. Peters. "Lippy the Dude," Mr. Lipsius dresses quietly and in good taste, but in the fashion that is all.

Having met her, Mr. Lipsius naturally fell in love with Miss Sadie. He is a man with warmth and earnestness. The Original Harris denied, with some heat, yesterday, a charge of being a party to the elopement of another young woman for her father's sake. It was said that it was not to be asked to the wedding. It was that Mr. Lipsius engaged the happy man and broke his engagement when he saw Miss Sadie. The sight of Miss Sadie would excuse much, but the suggestion of another young woman for her father's sake would never be forgiven by the 400,000 interest in this wedding.

Lipsius Is All Right.

Without the slightest regard for the cracks in his trousers, Mr. Lipsius threw himself on his knees a week ago last Sunday, proposed and immediately was transformed into the happiest man in the world. The engagement was at once announced. Then it became known that Miss Sadie had made a good and sensible choice. Her sweetheart is employed by the Government and in the money order department in the Post Office.

"He must be a responsible young man," was said to Miss Sadie's father yesterday.

"He's as good as gold or diamonds," answered Mr. Cohen, proudly. "If he wasn't, I wouldn't have him in the family."

Miss Sadie and Mr. Lipsius will receive the congratulations of their friends at her father's house next Saturday, and the young lady will be at home, No. 124 East Broadway, on New Year's Day. No arrangements

for the wedding have yet been made, except that the Original Harris, with much foresight, has engaged the Murray Hill Lyceum, on East Thirty-fourth street, for the wedding reception, on the evening of March 7. The wedding reception of Mr. Cohen's children have been held at Webster Hall, on East Eleventh street. It was said on Division street yesterday that the father of Webster Hall has had to wear spectacles since the last Cohen wedding reception, and if another is held there he must buy a string and a little dog to lead him. But society's fickleness is probably the explanation of the choice of Webster Hall. Sometimes society chooses Sherry's, or the Waldorf, then the Murray Hill Lyceum.

Harris Cohen as a Progenitor.

Everything promises that the future of Miss Sadie and Mr. Lipsius will be happy; brighter than the heaping quart of diamonds she will get. Her father is not yet fifty-three years old, and he has twenty-two grandchildren. Seven of his children are already well married and joyful. Even leaving out the diamonds they have plenty of this world's goods. Miss Annie married Henry Rosenberg, who is in dry goods; Miss Essie married Jacob Cohen, who is a chemist; and the same name, and who deals in dry goods; Miss Della married Barney Morris, in the wholesale cracker business. Now Miss Sadie is going, going, gone on March 7 next. Only Miss Sadie, of this diamond coronet of handsome women, will then remain single. And she is only thirteen years old.

Mr. Cohen's four sons are all married and making money. Dr. George Cohen is a veterinary surgeon and keeps a large stable than his father's on Division street. Louis Cohen and Alexander E. Cohen are liquor dealers and Henry E. Cohen is in clothing.

Old Hand at the Business.

The Original Cohen has been, in fact, master of ceremonies at all these weddings, so that his experience will make the event of March 7 a success. He has been a count seventeen Harris Cohens in this year's Directory. But this is the original; take no other name of consequence. Besides marrying off his children and giving diamonds and large checks to them, Harris Cohen was in the clothing business in Baxter street for thirty years, up to 1880. He has dabbled in politics, daring to run for



Albany against Hon. Patrick Diver. He has been on the turf. "To my sorrow," he said regretfully yesterday, "I lost \$100,000."

To-day he is as young as any man of thirty; the father of four sons and five daughters, who have among them twenty-two children, and probably as many quarts of diamonds.

BRONX PARK "ZOO" PLANS.

Professor Osborne Tells Park Commissioners What Is Intended—Complaint of Advertising Fences.

The Park Commissioners talked about the Bronx Park "Zoo" yesterday. Or, rather, they listened while Professor Henry S. Osborne talked about it, and they asked him a question or two.

Professor Osborne is chairman of the Executive Committee of the Zoological Society, and he is supposed to know more about wild and other beasts than most people know about the price of an elevated ticket. The Park Commissioners had invited him to be present at their regular meeting, so that he might tell them just what the society he represents proposes to do if it is allowed to work its will in Bronx Park. Of course, they had known all about it for many months, but things in the Park Department must always be wound up in plenty of red tape.

So Professor Osborne told them all over again how the Zoological Society was willing to convert Bronx Park into the finest menagerie in the world, with plenty of room for the deer and the bear and the buffalo to roam in, and plenty of room for pale teenagers people to stretch their legs and breathe the fresh air while watching animals from the four quarters of the globe.

The society, the professor explained, would furnish the animals and their quarters. The Park Department would pay the expenses of maintenance. The Zoo should be open free five days in the week, and there should be a small entrance fee and one day when a small entrance fee should be charged. Moreover, the large animal parks should be so situated as to be plainly visible from the adjoining public roads.

President McMillan remarked that he had always been in favor of establishing the Zoo in Van Cortlandt Park, but the Professor assured him that such a site would fall short of the requirements.

The Commissioners decided to take the matter up for formal discussion on Monday, January 4.

The West End Association, which is making war on side streets, is now engaged in a petition asking the Commissioners to remove all such fences contiguous to the side streets.

On Saturday morning last he stole his employer's horse and wagon, valued at \$300, and a load of provisions. He peddled the provisions about Harlem and put up for the night at a stable at No. 42 West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, where Charles Kieniger, a coal merchant at No. 573 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street, arrested him in a saloon.

On Sunday Zangle drove off first with Kieniger's horse and wagon, valued at \$150, and then Schenck's. Detective Schirmer arrested him in a saloon at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and Eighth avenue and recovered both rigs.

The California Limited.

Four days New York to California, via Santa Fe Route, leaves Chicago every Wednesday. From Saturday evening at 6:00 p. m., reaching Los Angeles in 72 hours and San Diego in 78 hours. Quick time to San Francisco by connecting train via Mojave, Ventral Palace, Salinas, Del Norte and Santa Clara. First and Fastest California service. Connects with fast trains from New York.

There are reservations and tickets may be obtained at principal railroad ticket offices, or from F. Burnett, Eastern Passenger Agent, 222 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Platt in a Liquor Pickle.

Dealers Will Try to Hold Him to Alleged Antellection Pledges.

Made Campaign Contributions on a Promise That the Excise Law Would Remain as It Is.

Now Alarmed at the Activity Displayed by Senator Raines and His Associates.

POSSIBILITY OF SPLIT IN PARTY.

One Wing Will Try to Further Regulate Hotels and Clubs, While the Other Will Seek to Defeat All Amendments.

Liquor dealers and brewers are watching with interest the operations of the Raines Committee and wondering if Thomas C. Platt's antellection pledges are going to be kept. When the Republican State or-

ganization was scurrying around during the campaign looking for contributions and finding few, because of the fine-tuned comb of Mr. Hanna had given this field, it decided to get some money out of the brewers and liquor dealers.

It has been stated several times, without contradiction, that an arrangement was made between Mr. Platt and the liquor dealers and brewers whereby if the campaign fund was increased by \$100,000 no change would be made in the excise law. Mr. Platt, it is asserted, made this promise. He forgot to reckon with Mr. Raines and his special investigating committee. His satisfaction of the excise question there is likely to be a conflict between Messrs. Platt and Raines. If the latter is permitted to tinker with the bill at his own sweet will the campaign contributors will demand that the bargain be kept and perhaps tell some unpleasant facts about the "squeezing" they have undergone.

Wouldn't Talk on Sunday.

Mr. Platt yesterday was asked of he approved of Mr. Raines's suggestions and if he, in short, thought the liquor law should be amended.

"It being Sunday," said Mr. Platt, with a smile, "I do not feel free to discuss political questions, even such an interesting subject as the State excise law."

Mr. Platt is unquestionably much annoyed at the activity of Raines, and is presumably foot in conjecture as to whether he should give Mr. Raines full scope and point to him as an evidence of the party's desire for a pure, christianizing law, or take him by the throat and permit only such changes in the administrative features of the law as the leaders of the party may think necessary.

The probable upshot of the matter will be a decision in the Legislature—one side, headed by Raines, desirous of reconstruction, the law, the other side anxious to make only a few changes, which will serve to keep respectable characters out of the liquor business.

Mr. Platt thinks drinking clubs open on Sunday only and "take" hotels should be abolished. Mr. Raines agrees with him on these two points, but in addition says he wants to make many other changes. He intends to frighten proprietors of bona fide hotels by proposing to have liquor served on Sunday one hour in the morning, one hour at noon and one hour in the evening, and then only with meals. He also proposes to define the word "guest" and prevent any person living within a certain number of blocks from the hotel from being served with liquor at the three meal times. Both of these propositions many persons regard as preposterous, and not a few Republicans insist that the apologists for the Raines law have the strongest law fence in the fact that liquor can now be served openly on Sunday. Mr. Raines also proposes to prohibit the sale of liquor at hotel during hours when a liquor store may not sell, and of imposing double the regular rate for tax certificates upon hotels. There is a risk of making hotel proprietors secure certificates from the building and health departments before being given liquor tax certificates, and of making a uniform law for hotels, no matter how low or high they may be.

To Freightmen Hotel Keepers.

If the law is to "beat" any respectable hotel proprietors, the politicians who make these propositions will prove eminently successful.

It is also proposed to tax all clubs at least one-half of the regular rate, and to make of prohibiting the sale of liquor in any club is used for a retail liquor store.

A scheme to "railroad" alleged offenders of the law is suggested. This involves the sending of the accused, by the Magistrate, direct to the Court of Special Sessions, where a trial by jury may be provided for, so that the Grand Jury will have nothing to do with such cases.

Neither Senator Raines nor Platt cared to say whether they thought the proposed law would do with these people.

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Police Must Move Out.

Commissioner Grant Decides That the Church Street Station Is Now Unsafe, and Rents a School Building.

The dangerous condition of the Second Precinct Police Station, on Church street, caused by the excavating done by Contractor McClellan on the property next door, No. 95 Liberty street, came up for discussion at yesterday's meeting of the Police Board. It was voted to give Commissioner Grant full authority to make arrangements as he might think best for the time being.

He visited the station himself, and, after a look at the cracked walls and sagging floors, at once gave orders that the reserve men should be allowed to sleep at their homes for a night or two until different arrangements could be made.

Commissioner Grant said last night: "The trouble has come because the contractor has taken the earth out in excavating for the extension of the subway. It is a usual process. Once or twice during the summer we noticed that there were signs of sagging and warned him. He then put in needles and bolts, thereby complying with the warnings of the Building Department, to whose notice the matter had been brought."

"The worst crack came on Saturday, and on looking over the building to-day I immediately concluded that it was unsafe, and communicated with Colonel Cruger, who is one of the trustees of Trinity Church, and made arrangements to rent the old, abandoned Trinity Church school house, at No. 97 Church street. I shall make an arrangement to lease it until the first of May."

"Just what we shall do about the station house I don't yet know. I presume, however, that the contractor will be obliged to pay for the damage he has done to the building in good repair for its station. We have decided to sell it, however, as the site is very valuable, and build a station house somewhere else."

Tried Twice to Elope.

Angry Father Pursued in a Cab and Caught Young Lovers, and Also Frustrated a Second Attempt.

Edward J. Douglas is a printer and stationer on Market street, Paterson, N. J., and has a handsome house on the East Side of that city. His nineteen-year-old daughter, Mabel, is very pretty, but pious. She twice attempted to elope with Edward J. Walters, a young draughtsman employed by the Cooke Locomotive Works, yesterday morning, and each attempt was frustrated by her father.

The Walters family also reside on the East Side. Miss Douglas has been a frequent visitor at the Walters house. It was announced some time ago that she was to wed young Walters, but this report was denied by both. Yesterday morning the girl was in her father's store when Walters drove up to the door in a coach and entered the building. A few minutes later Miss Mabel appeared with the young man. Both entered the coach and drove off rapidly in the direction of the Erie station.

Mr. Douglas, who had not word of what was going on, followed in a hack. He caught the elopers near the station and a stormy scene took place. Finally the girls drove back to the Walters house. There a short conference was held and the girl returned to the store with her father.

The lover was not discouraged. A second attempt to elope was made, but Mr. Douglas was on hand to prevent it. Mr. Douglas says she is determined to wed young Walters and will have him yet.

OLD HOTEL MAN DIES.

David M. Hildreth, the Veteran Manager Found Dead in Bed by His Wife.

David M. Hildreth, Sr., the hotel proprietor and manager for many years proprietor of the West End Hotel at Long Branch, died suddenly at his home, No. 48 Irving place, yesterday forenoon.

He retired Sunday evening in apparent good health, and early yesterday morning his breakfast was served to him in his room. A short time afterward his wife went to see him and thought he was sleeping. She tried to arouse him and found that he was dead. A physician was hastily summoned and the coroner's office notified. Death was ascribed to heart disease.

The death of Mr. Hildreth removes one of the best known and oldest hotel men in the country, and will cause sorrow in the large circle of friends and acquaintances he made on account of his genial qualities and sterling honesty.

He was seventy-five years old, and was born in Philadelphia, Pa.

He was a member of the Manhattan and Phoenix clubs, and an ex-member of the Old Guard.

He leaves a wife, five sons and a daughter.

The funeral will take place from his late residence on Thursday, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

BURIAL OF FATHER CASSELY.

Requiem Mass Celebrated in Honor of the Dead Priest.

"His was a life of untiring zeal, of practical philanthropy; a life of devotion to God, the people and religion."

Rev. Professor Smith, of the Catholic University at Washington, used these words in his eulogy of the late Father Martin J. Casseley, at the Paulist Church, Sixth street and Columbus avenue, yesterday morning. A solemn requiem mass was celebrated at 10 o'clock, and was presided by the reading of the office of the dead by Rev. Father DeLeon, Rev. Father Hughes was the celebrant of the mass, and Rev. Father Sheerin, of Chelsea, Mass., where Father Casseley was born, was deacon, and Rev. Father Halpin, of One Hundred and Eighteenth street, sub-deacon. Archbishop Corrigan, Auxiliary Bishop Farley and Very Reverend Lavelle were within the sanctuary, and there were many clergymen from the different parishes of Greater New York in attendance.

It was Sunday evening when the casket containing the remains of Father Casseley was removed from the community house of the Paulists, on Fifty-ninth street, to the church, and vespers for the dead were sung. Thousands of people swarmed in and about the church Sunday evening and yesterday morning, showing great respect and affection in which the dead priest was held by the masses, regardless of denomination.

Secord, Galt, Police Captain Sheehan and Vreeland, ex-Commissioner Brennan and other officials of the city were seen among the throngs. Police Commissioner Roosevelt sent his regrets to the Paulists, praising the good work of Father Casseley in connection with municipal affairs.

Valentine Tells of McLaughlin.

Makes a Confession Implicating the Man and Daisy Hampton.

Affidavit Will Be Used in Prosecuting the Precious Pair.

A Deal in Antique Furniture in Which Worthless Notes Figured Largely.

HAD A BANK FOR REFERENCE.

Began Replevin Proceedings with a Bogus Bond and Then Sued the Victims, Two Englishmen.

William E. Valentine was brought to the District-Attorney's office yesterday from the Kings County Penitentiary, to which he was recently sentenced for ten years, and made a confession to be used in aiding the prosecution of Chester McLaughlin and Daisy Hampton. His depositions will be of the utmost importance in the case against the alleged "King and Queen of the Swindling Syndicate." The recent confession in Brooklyn revealed more of the operations in connection with McLaughlin and the Hampton woman, which will be made the basis for their prosecution.

Valentine said he was born in Hempstead, L. I., in 1860. He remained there until he was sixteen years old, when he became a law student in the office of Benjamin

swindler Valentine.

Downing. Then his father wanted him to study for a ministry. He finally went into the fur business, in Philadelphia, and the fur business for stores in small towns. He was robbed of \$8,000 worth of goods at one time, and that broke up his fur dealings. He went back to Hempstead. Then he moved to Brooklyn, where he became a superintendent for a builder named Bedell. Then he became acquainted with Jacob H. Walters, and his death was caused by him, which have been previously stated in the Journal, began. Then follow his connection with John Dough and James G. Wilson, and the notorious transactions which have also been described. He was induced, he says, then, to go into the game ball business with Dough.

He denied that he knew Stephen A. Dutton, or any of the people who did business with the defunct firm of Behrens & Co.

After he described how he met Daisy Hampton and McLaughlin at Long Branch last summer, he told of the joint dealings of Luke P. Gallagher and McLaughlin together.

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